

The X-Pendables

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Summary: Cortana has a body. Chief is retired. Now, they plan to get married. But jut before they announce their engagement, they are earmarked for assassination. A misfit band of mercs must save them from the enemy and get them to the church on time.

Sci-Fi/Action/Adventure/Humor Tagline: Whether we like it or not, they're saving the world.

1. Chapter 1

****The X-Pendables****

****Cable (leader)****

****Mercer****

****Firefly****

****Deadpool ****

****Raven****

****Emile-A239****

****Deadshot****

****Korben Dallas****

****Hans Dietrich (OC)****

****Chapter 1****

UNSC Biotech lab, San Fransisco, California, 2569

The body was ready. All they had to do was insert the chip. An easy task.

This was not a new frontier. They had given 'smart' AIs bodies before. So, Cortana was set. John would have his lover soon.

The techs inserted the chip through the incision. She would be faster, stronger, and smarter than any human. Being an AI had it's advantages.

Also, she would retain her abilities of hardlight, something other AIs didn't have. The techs held their breath. Every time this happened, they knew it could go wrong.

The body she had selected was that of a young woman in her twenties with full breasts and hips. She had tan skin and jet-black hair in the same style her hologram wore. Her electric blue eyes snapped open. Cortana sat up.

The techs breathed a sigh of relief. One handed her a stack of clothing. Cortana dressed herself. A tech opened the door to let in her lover.

Master Chief Petty Officer John-117, UNSC ret., walked into the room. At 58 years old, he had the body of a 30 year old. Mostly due to cryo sleep and augmentations. He dashed over to his former AI.
"Cortana!"

Technically, Cortana was truly twenty. Entering service in 2549 and going rampant in 2557, she was captured by the Promethean Didact after her supposed death and given infinite memory. She wasn't dead 'til the chip was destroyed.

She embraced the soldier whose helmet she had been in for so long.
"John."

Three years in ONI detention had kept him young also. Cryogenic imprisonment until his release in 2560. He helped her up from the bed and they walked out of the room.

The day was rainy. Chief led her out to his car. They stepped inside.

Cortana felt the glass. "I can feel it. I can touch things. John, I'm...human!"

The former SPARTAN wrapped his arm around her. "No Cortana. Not to hurt you or anything, but you're no more human than you were."

She gipped his face and kissed him. A long, deep, satisfying kiss.
"That felt good."

John smiled. "Now you can do a lot of thngs. You'll have human senses, but you don't have to eat, drink or sleep to survive. Those will feel refreshing, but they'll just be add-ons."

"Whatever." Cortana looked at him. He wore his black hair in a military crew-cut and was growing a beard. "John, I love you."

"I know."

Vietnam

Contractor: UNSC

Mission: Assault rebel compound, eliminate leader.

Payment: \$15000 each member of unit upon mission completion

The UH-144 Falcons flew overhead the jungle. Cable looked out the open side. The enemy was hiding under those trees. He lifted his M4 with the left arm that had long since been taken over with a nano-virus and robbed him of his powers. In his Falcon, sat mercenary Deadpool, former SPARTAN-III Emile-A239, Hans Dietrich and assassin Deadshot.

Deadpool wasn't wearing his normal red and black spandex suit. Per Cable's orders, everyone except Emile and Dietrich was wearing jungle camouflage. He wore his two words on his back and carried an MP7.

Dietrich had two of the same weapons on his hips and a G36C with grenade launcher and drum magazine on his back. His twin dragon tattoos were visible on his bare arms. His black gloves and black vest matched his pants.

Emile still had his Gurkha blade in its sheath right now. Since him and Deadpool pretty much thought the same, they were good friends. His custom visor grinned evilly at the others in the copter.

Deadshot (notive how half the people in this vehicle have D-names?) had his sniper rifle slung on his shoulder. He manned the M247 that was mounted in the side of the chopper. His cybernetic eye gave him better aiming and spotting capabilities.

On the other bird, former Cobra employees, Firefly and Mercer sat next to each other. Mercer's fiancée, Raven Darkholme, also sat in there along with ex-Special Forces man Korben Dallas.

The birds neared the landing site. Deadpool turned his hideously scarred face towards Cable. "Summers, I want new dog-tags."

"What do you want them to say, Wade?"

"Bad motherfucker."

"Someone already has that."

The Falcon touched down. Cable hustled them out. "Deadshot, you got us covered?"

"Whether I do or not, every bullet will hit something."

"Just don't do something you'll regret, if you live to regret it." Cable stepped out as the bird took off. He met with his unit.

"We got ten minutes to get to this village. When we're there--"

"We all read the goddamn contract, Summers." Deadpool drew his swords. "Now let's kill some assholes, huh?"

Cable took point of his group (Deadpool, Firefly, Emile) and Mercer

took his group (Raven, Dallas, Dietrich)

Mercer walked one of the trails, opposite to Cable's group. Dallas drew his pistol. "I don't trust this op."

"You never trust any op." Mercer lifted his AK-47. "You see, you can't. As a merc, noone likes you. Everyone is trying to kill you, doublecross you."

Raven pulled her Walther PPQ from it's place on her chest. "Nobody will try to doublecross us."

' 'Why not?" Dietrich had his G36 n his chest. "I was double crossed before, by my own comrades."

"That's the most common form of betrayal." Mercer lifted his radio. "Cable, are you alright?"

"Roger Mercer."

"Of course we're alright. Dumbasses these days."

Raven smiled and shook her head. Emile. To think she had sex with him six months earlier on LV789.

The sniper pointed his AK-47 at the group. He fired a burst.

Dietrich moved the fastest, knocking Dallas and the others down. The 7.62 bullets flew overhead. "Alright, Mercer, Raven, you go one way, me and Dallas will go another."

"Last I knew, Dietrich," Mercer chambered a round, "I was the one giving orders around here."

"Not anymore." Dietrich lobbed a grenade into the trees. "Go!"

Mercer and Raven dashed down the opposite path. Bullets kicked up a storm of dust around them.

Rebels were everywhere. Raven tried to keep herself from panicing. Six months of rehab had taken it's toll on her combat mentality. It was just like Los Angeles. She had to rework her combat skills after sitting on a fat pile of war crimes cash.

The round nailed her in the back of the calf. She fell, blood spurting from the hole. Mercer stopped. "Cable, Raven's down. She's been shit. Leg wound."

Raven looked up at him. "Leave me, man." He shook his head.

Cable huffed. "We can't risk the mission. Waste her."

"What?!"

"Waste her!"

"Goddammit, Mercer! Waste the girl!"

Mercer pointed the pistol at Raven's chest. "Yes sir."

He aimed.

Put his finger on the trigger.

And fired twice.

"She's gone sir. Double-tap to the chest." Mercer watched Raven get up. He looked at the bullet impacts on the dusty trail.

"Get back to the group!" Cable looked at Firefly. "Verdict?"

The masked man chuckled, a rare thing. "He didn't kill her. He loves her."

"Go get 'em."

Firefly lifted his sub-machine gun. "My pleasure."

Mercer helped Raven limp into an enclave on the side of the road.
"Let me see that leg."

The round hadn't caused too much damage. It tore right through the flesh. Mercer pulled out some bandages and wrapped them around the wound. He secured them with a piece of duck-tape. "That'll have to do."

' 'Should've left me."

"No I shouldn't have. I promised I'd get you out of here. And I will." He lifted his rifle.

The sound of a grenade exploding and a silenced machine gun firing filled the enclave. Firefly lept into the area. "Ya got a lotta nerve, lyin' to Cable."

"C'mon 'fly. Would you shoot your girl?"

"You're gettin' soft Merce." Firefly hawled Raven up. "Let's go."

Raven leaned on Mercer. "Why do you hang out with him?"

"Eh, he's not so bad. He taught me a lot."

"I don't like him."

"I noticed."

"He's too mysterious."

"His Ashkirage name is the Faceless Master."

"No shit."

Firefly fired twice into a set of trees. A Rebel fell out, dead.

"He's duced effective, though." Mercer watched his friend.

"Maybe. But he's dangerous."

They walked into a clearing where the group was. Dietrich and Dallas had made it. Cable was on a portable radio. "Deadshot, come get us."

He turned to the new arrivals. "You disobeyed orders Mercer. I expected more."

"Dammit Cable. I promied her I would get her out for this last job." Mercer threw his gun on the ground. "I'll take my share and get outta here."

"I've never failed a mission before." Cable watched the Falcons land. "Now, noone will hire us. Well, doesn't matter. We've got enough to make it until we find secondary jobs."

They boarded the choppers. The ride back was silent.

End of chapter 1. Chapter 2 coming soon.

2. Chapter 2

****Chapter 2****

A few months later, San Fransisco.

John got up from bed. He didn't want to wake Cortana. She was beautiful. The techs did a great job with the body she selected. Last night had been great. The longing was satisfied for now.

He went downstairs to make a cup of coffee and then shower for work. He had got a job as teacher at a high school. Xenobiology.

Cortana walked down the stairwell, her body covered by a bath robe. "John."

The coffee maker dinged. He passed her a cup. "Hey."

Cortana kissed him on the lips. "How many is that?"

"Not counting last night's run around, six."

She kissed him four more times. "There. Ten. That's our bench mark."

John walked out of the classroom. The day had been good. It was a great change from people shooting at him to kill him.

The students were smart, cooperative. They were very promising. John knew he could have a good year.

But today's lesson, about the Flood, had brought back memories. Halo, the Gravemind, leaving Cortana.

He drove down to the jeweler on Main. Stepping in, John looked at the ring's in the store.

The man behind the counter. "Looking to buy something?"

John nodded. "Yeah."

"Proposal?"

"Yeah."

"Well then." He brought up a box of samples from behind the counter. "May I suggest the turtle dove ring?" He pointed to a ring with a pair of doves chasing each other around it. "Symbolizes unity and love."

John held up the box. "Wow. She'll love this. Money's no object."

"Well, since it's a special occasion, I'll sell it to you for a thousand credits. Ten times down the original price."

John slid his card across the billing machine. The man nodded and gift-wrapped the velvet box. "Have a good day, sir."

Firefly watched the former SPARTAN walk out the door. "Hmph."

John drove back home. Cortana was on the couch. "Hi."

"Hi."

"How was the school?"

"Good." John unbuttoned his suit coat. "So, I'm taking you out tonight?"

"Yep." She kissed him. "Eleven."

"Going for a hundred."

They fell onto the couch. The box dug into Cortana's hip. "What's that, John?"

"Uh." He pulled the box from his pocket. and opened it. "Cortana, will you marry me?"

She wrapped her arms around his neck. "Yes John, yes I will."

Tears poured from his eyes. "Wow. I was kinda worried there."

Hideout

Firefly walked into the house and was hit in the face with DJ Khaled's "Welcome to my Hood". Deadpool was singing along.

The group was clustered around a table, playing cards. Firefly had put on his mask before entering. The rubber mask was good enough for work but his real home was beneath the camo.

He slapped Dietrich's outstretched hand. "Cable, sold fifteen thousand credits worth of diamonds. And that Master Chief

guy?"

"What about him?"

"Well, he came in today, lookin' for a proposal ring."

"You sell 'im one?"

"The turtle doves."

Cable stood up from his desk. "Cool."

Firefly looked at the skull pinned to Cable's chest.

Cable followed his gaze. "Oh, no man. You're not thinking about taking another contract."

"Why not? Cable, here's our chance to get back in the merc buisness. Don't be a wimp!"

Cable looked at the masked sabotuer. "I said no!"

"What are you scared of?"

The big man sighed. "Failure, I guess."

"We aren't going to fail. I've got a link to Cobra. They want him dead. Let's take this contract."

Cobra had been reduced to just another rebel front with a little more advanced tech. Cable sat down. "Okay."

"Great. I'll call Zartan. He'll have some stuff for me."

Grand Hotel, San Fransisco

Chief entered his room. He was the only one on this floor besides Cortana and the platoon of marines guarding them. They would be safe. Probably.

He laid down. Cortana had the TV on. "That's awful."

"What?"

"There were like six car crashes today."

John grimaced. "That sucks."

First floor.

The firefly landed on the desk. The door woman tried to swat it away. "Damn bugs."

The entire room exploded out.

Firefly entered through the smoke. "Clear."

The team ran inside. The elevator was conveniently intact. They jammed inside. It started going up to the 12th floor.

Deadpool had his suit on and carried his swords. "I'm up next, right Cable?"

"Yeah Wade. If it will shut you up."

"That'll never happen."

The elevator dinged at 12. The marines pointed their rifles at it. Deadpool lept out and began deflecting bullets into the enemy. He flipped and cut an x through one. "Now with ninja slice 'n' dice attack!"

He did a Matrix and lept into the air, over a barricade. The marines fired frantically to no avail. Nobody could kill this merc.

He landed on one knee. The marines were all on the ground. "Okay, the people are dead!"

They entered. Emile looked at Firefly. "You came in behind your gun, 'fly."

"You don't leave the decisions of safety up to someone else." Firefly lowered his weapon. "Especially not someone like Wade Wilson."

Cable looked at the merc in red. "You'd be the perfect soldier, Wade. If you only knew how to shut your mouth."

Deadpool threw a sarcastic salute.

They kicked in the door to the suite. John looked at the weapons. "What do you want?"

"You dead." Cable lifted his pistol. "No hard feelings."

He felt the gun socket in his ear and he released the gun.

Chapter 2 over. Chapter 3 coming soon.

3. Chapter 3

****Chapter 3****

UNSC Maximum Security Prison, Former Alcatraz prison

They were being held in their own separate part of the prison. Everyone was conspicuous among others. Nobody could mistake them anyone else.

Cable tossed a stone into the corner. For a week they had been here. Nothing good. The food sucked. The showers were open. Toilets didn't flush.

Deadshot looked around. "Well, another day wasted."

Emile nodded and drew another x over the calendar. "That's what she said."

Firefly was fiddling with a fork. "Nobody will hire us now."

ONI offices, downtown San Fransisco

Asisstant director of Security Jimmy Bowman dashed up the stairs to his boss's office. "Mister Crowe, we have a problem."

"What kinda problem?" Crowe was a long-time UNSC employee. He had been a general during the Human-Covenant war and had this job since the end of the war.

"Um...well it's about the Master Chief."

Crowe looked up. "Dead?"

"No, scheduled for it."

"Damn. Assembled the board, Jimmy."

The Board of Security assembled in the meeting room. Bowman stood in the middle of the cut out table. "Good morning, everyone."

This was met with a mix of "hello"s and "good morning"s. He fiddled with the folder in his hand. "Um, today, we recieved an anonymous tip that Master Chief and his former AI were earmarked for assassination."

"Cobra again?"

"No. In fact, we don't know who."

There was a lot of murmuring at this. A woman raised her hand. "What do you suppose we do about this?"

"Um, well, we're working on that." Bowman sweated uncontrollably. "We've suggested a unit of ODS'Ts but after what happened a week ago, conventional troops don't cut it."

"I don't care if you have to reinstate the Covenant, Jimmy. I want them safe." Crowe was pissed.

"He gave her a body, so now she's vulnerable also." Halsey looked around. "Goddamn."

"I can help you."

Everyone looked at the man in the doorway. He had a red shirt on and blue jeans. Around his right leg was a leather holster.

Bowman stared. "How'd you get in?"

"Let's just say I did some negotiating." The man had short, military style hair and was clean-shaven.

"Now, my offer is \$15000 per member, upon completion of mission."

"How many members?" Bowman had a calculator in his hands.

"Nine."

"Okay. It's a deal." Bowman shook the man's hand.

Mercer smiled as the pact was sealed.

Deadpool lay back on his bunk. "Why'd we give up again?"

"Maybe you forgot Wade, but there are people here who can still get hurt by bullets!" Dallas looked at the scarred man.

"Right."

"Look, we failed!" Firefly held his masked face in his hand. "It's over."

"Not yet."

Emile sat up. "That's it, I'm done smoking weed. I swear I just heard Mercer's voice."

Dietrich looked up. "Merce? That you?"

"Yeah, hang on."

A flashlight came on and illuminated the room. Mercer and Raven were there. "Ready to leave?"

Cable nodded. "Ready."

The sparks of a portable welder ripped across the bars. Raven pulled the door out. The group crept into the hallway.

Deadpool laughed. "Hey Raven, nice of you to let your hubby come and get us."

Firefly shook Mercer's hand. "Good to see you've had a change of heart."

Mercer smiled. "Well, I needed the money."

"Sure you did."

Emile grabbed his weapons from Raven. "Got one on the way?"

She nodded.

The former SPARTAN smiled and put his skull-carved helmet on.

Deadshot accepted his sniper rifle and machine pistol.
"Whose?"

Raven jerked a thumb in Mercer's direction.

"Ah."

Cable slipped on his bandolier. "Let's go."

The team ran through the halls. A marine guard was stationed at the door ahead. "Hey!"

Deadshot fired, killing the man.

They filed out, getting into the Pelican. Dallas headed up to the front. "Ready?"

Cable gave him a thumbs up. Dallas flew it up.

The anti-aircraft Shades fired up at it. The plasma flew past it, heating the compartment.

Raven took the other seat. Dallas looked at her. "You're pregnant, get back there!"

"You need a copilot."

He shook his head. "Yippi ki yay." (Bruce Willis inside joke.)

The Pelican rattled around the sky. Dallas and Raven dipped and swerved to avoid streams of bullets and plasma. They pulled up and then down, twisting, turning, diving.

The dropship flew the way to California, dodging plasma.

John's house, San Francisco

John and Cortana were sitting on the couch, enjoying a nature program.

Black-Out crawled along the ground, looking for a place to snipe the pair. Since von Bad Guy had hired him, he was the sniper. Never to fail.

He stood up and set up behind a fence. Perfect view of both of them. A double tap, maybe one-shot if he got them lined up right.

No, stop fantasizing. Just do your job, he thought. Just kill them.

His hand closed around the handle. Finger wrapped around the trigger. Eye focused on the target.

Black-Out squeezed lightly. Something hit him in the back. Turning around, he picked up a rock. On it was scrawled "Haha, you sucker!"

He got up. "Who's there?"

A steel blade came whipping out of the shadows. Blackout dived over it and pulled out his pistol.

"Alright, wiseguy, come out, damn you!"

Firefly walked out. "Black-Out?"

"Firefly?"

"Go to hell!"

The saboteur sprayed the sniper's body with bullets. "It's done."

The end of Chapter 3. Chapter 4 coming soon. Read and review.

4. Chapter 4

****Chapter 4****

Hideout, San Fransisco

Cable was watching some tv program about the history of ODSs. Deadpool was flipping his swords and talking shit. Firefly was making a detonator. Dietrich played ERS with Deadshot and Dallas (another D joke). Emile sharpened his knife. And I figure we all know what Mercer and Raven are doing.

"Got it!" Firefly held up his detonator.

"Jeez, explosion fiend or naw?" Deadpool sheathed his sword.

"Wade, this device can penetrate 20-feet concrete, 30 miles away!"

Emile put his knife on his shoulder. "Maybe. But can it penetrate, uh...um. Never mind."

"But you have to get to the place to plant the explosives." Dietrich lookd up. "Right?"

"Yes. Let me demonstrate." Firefly beckoned to Wade. "Come at me."

Deadpool ran at the saboteur. Firefly jumped up and nailed him on the back of the neck. "Never let your focus waver. The moment it does, I'll slip past you and go where I need to go."

Dallas laughed. "He told you, asshole." Deadpool flicked him off.

"That's all very interesting, Firefly, but when can we use it?"

"When it's needed." The masked man placed it into his bag of explosives.

"And when is that?"

"Tonight." Cable leaned over from his position. "We're going in disguised as waiters to provide security."

"What resturant?" Emile wasn't wearing his armor at the moment.

"King Louie's."

Emile spat. "Fancy resturants."

Firefly started to pack up gear. "Well, let's go."

Cortana sat down across from John. "How was work?"

"Good." John beckoned for a waiter. "They took the Flood very well."

The waiter came over. He was a young black man with a scar over his right eye. "Eh, madam en monsieur, are you ready to order?"

"Yeah." John looked at the man. "Hey, do we know each other?"

"Who knows, mon ami. Big town, many people." Emile opened up his pad and took poised to write. "Now, your orders, please?"

"Um, I'll have the calamari." John looked across at Cortana. "And um, the lady will decide for herself."

Cortana smiled. "I'll have the same."

Emile nodded. "Thank you."

He walked into the kitchen. "Our guests will have the calamari."

Raven nodded. "Two calamari coming up."

Mercer picked up a beer from the cooler they had brought. Firefly sharpened a throwing knife. "When's it due?"

"Six months from now. November."

Firefly nodded. "Congrats."

Deadpool got up. "Well, time to show them how amazing we are."

****Amazing is more Spiderman's thing.****

What? What's so amazing about that geek?

****Super fast reflexes, super-human senses.****

"Alright, alright. Stop it you guys." He took the plates from Raven and waked out the door.

Two men were arguing. "Look Dick, we're not going to foreclose!"

Deadpool laughed. "His name is Dick. That's funny!"

He put the plates in front of each. "Bon appetit." Deadpool bowed.

****Well, that job's done.****

Hi-five!

****No hi-five, we're voices in our head.****

Aw.

"Hi-five anyway!" Deadpool slapped his head.

John looked at the engagement ring on Cortana's finger. "When do you want to announce it?"

"I don't know. Next week maybe."

The glass windows shattered in a hail of bullets. John dived over the table and grabbed Cortana, pulling her down.

Several masked men walked in. Their leader, a man holding two machine pistols, took to the middle. "We're looking for John 117 and his partner Cortana. Will someone please point them out?"

Emile brought his wrist up to his mouth. "Breach."

Cable grabbed his G36 and ran out the door. The rest following.

They came out firing, initially knocking over several of the would-be-assassins.

The enemy opened fire. Deadshot was hit in the shoulder. Mercer's rifle claimed several of the enemy. Deadpool was moving around, a suited flash, decapitating the assaulters. Firefly lobbed a grenade into them.

The combat stopped. Cable looked around. "This has been a UNSC special forces operation. Please continue eating and have a good night."

End of Chapter 4. Chapter 5 coming soon.

5. Chapter 5

****Chapter 5****

The Hideout, San Fransisco.

"Contact!" Deadpool's blaster rifle fired, destroying the droid in front of him.

"Roger." Dietrich ran across the field and hopped on the tank, blasting away at the enemy.

Droids fell under the merciless pummeling. Deadpool, in the chaos was hit in the chest.

"Dangit, man!" Deadpool threw his Xbox controller down. "You suck!"

Dietrich sat there, silently. "First clue?"

"Aagh!"

****Told you not to play with him.****

Aw, why not? He's cool.

****He's like Rorschach.****

Oh, yeah, I remember him.

"Quiet!"

Mercer smirked at this. Deadpool's personality disorder was no secret. But then, it could give you friends on the sharp end.

"Hey, guys." Deadpool looked around the room. "We need a group name."

"How about 'the only merc group with a guy who has a personality disorder'?" Dietrich looked over from the couch.

"Shut up."

They heard a whirling sound. "Helo?" Dallas looked up.

A hail of high-velocity rounds tore through the brick walls. They dived for cover. Deadpool picked up his swords. "Dietrich, gun!"

He caught the MP7 and began to spray the helicopter with lead. "Bullets no hurt evil metal bird!"

The gunner on the fell back in a spray of blood. Deadpool groaned. "Aw, that was my favorite bullet. Can you send it back?"

He teleported into the chopper. "Never mind. I'm here now. I'll get it for myself." He decapitated the pilot and teleported back to the group. "Ta-da."

Dallas shook his head. "Show-off."

San Fransisco Hospital

Cortana watched Doctor Jameson come out of the other room (not just any room, the _other_ room). "Well?"

Jameson looked at his patient. "You tested negative on drugs, negative on STD."

"What about pregnancy?"

He sighed. "Positive."

Cortana was silent. She put her head in her hands.

Jameson patted her on the back. "You've got a visitor." He walked back into the _other_ room.

Halsey entered through the primary door. "How you doing?"

Cortana looked up at her creator. "You heard?"

"Yeah." Halsey sat down on a chair across from the med-bed. "Are you going to tell John?"

Cortana nodded. "Tonight. Our engagement announcement."

Halsey smiled sadly. "The disadvantages of having a body."

"It's not that. It's, am I ready for kids?" Cortana climbed off the med-bed and sat next to the doctor. "I've studied it. Analyzed it. But am I truly ready?"

Halsey hugged her AI. "Anything else you need?"

"Yeah. Why did the guys who tried to kill us a month ago, save our lives in a restaurant? What kind of a black-op is this?"

Halsey sighed. "Those men are protecting you. Cortana, you and John have been ear-marked for assassination."

"By who?"

"We're still working on that."

Cortana looked around. "Are they here?"

"One is."

"Where?"

Firefly stepped in. "Ma'am."

"Cortana, meet Firefly." Halsey pointed to the camouflaged man. Cortana recognized him.

Firefly was wearing a holster. Something he didn't usually do. "Hello Cortana."

Cortana looked at him and scrolled her databases. "Firefly. Mercenary, former Cobra employee. Saboteur. Terrorist." Cortana stared at Halsey. "This is the kind of guy you hired to protect me?"

"Ms. Cortana, I'm out of terrorism. I am a mercenary, but me and the others may be the only chance you have to survive."

She stared at the saboteur. "Where will you be at the party?"

"Around." He turned and walked out.

Engagement Party, Dever's rental floors

John watched the finishing touches get put on the party room. Arbiter Thel Vadam' stood next to him. "Nervous, my friend?"

"A little bit." John fiddled with his cuffs. "Okay, a lot."

Arbiter looked at the team moving stuff in. "Well, they're doing well."

"Yeah." John watched the clock. "We don't have much time until Cortana get's here."

Emile and Deadpool rolled in a tray of food. "Excuse me."

John grabbed Emile's shoulder. "Hey, I know you!"

Emile turned. "Um, do you?"

"Yeah! From a week ago! King Louie's! And I ordered P.F. Chang's!"

"Yeah, about that, see I got fired and got a job at Chang's."

"Kinda suspicious." John looked at the man's face. "You sure you're not part of any plots to kill me?"

"No! I'm just an honest man tryin' to make a livin'!"

Emile and Deadpool continued to roll the tray to the front. "Mista Chang, he give me good job!"

Deadpool shook his head. "Nah man, that's retarded."

Johnson walked over to John. "Congratulations, Chief."

"Thanks." He shook Johnson's hand. "Glad you could make it."

"Never thought I'd see the day." Johnson looked around. "Really got her a body, huh?"

Raven took up her position behind a table. John and Johnson walked over to her. "Hey, where are the bugs?"

She smiled. "Bobby's."

"That's right." Johnson punched John on the shoulder. "The kid survived. Connected to them just like her. Is he coming?"

"No, he's in Los Angeles." Raven put her hands on her hips.

Six and Kat walked up. "John, my man."

"Six." They bro-hugged. "Lucky mo-fo. My girl won't commit." Kat punched Six. "Ow."

Kat looked as Ripley walked over. "Raven, turn to the side."

Raven obliged. Ripley gasped. "Who's? Emile's?"

"No. My boyfriend, Felix."

Firefly walked next to her. "Raven, where's that champagne?"

"How should I know? Wade was in charge of that."

"Wade!" Firefly ran over to the mutate. "Wade, you sonuvabitch."

Cable stood in a suit next to the door. Everyone had a pistol inside their jacket. Things should go smoothly.

About an hour later,

Cortana walked into the room. The greeter smiled and nodded. Probably one of the mercs. "John?"

Everyone gasped. John walked over to his bride-to-be. "Yeah honey?"

"John, these caterers, they aren't real, they-"

"Maybe so. But let's not let that spoil our night."

She sighed. He was right. "Okay."

Deadpool and Emile stood behind their table. Mercer was underneath the skirt around it. They continued to joke and talk shit in their usual manner.

Deadshot was across the street, on top of a building. Everyone else was set.

Cable felt the sub-machine gun under his suit jacket. It had been hard finding a suit that would fit him. His infected arm would be hard to hide. Raven had done what she could with the make up on his face. Some of the techno-organic matter was still obvious.

They had hired Wikked Lizzerd (my band) to play for the party. They specialized in heavy metal, classic rock and some rap. Right now, they were getting ready for a jam.

Dietrich leaned on the stage. "All set up their, Joel?"

Joel huffed. "If the lady gets up here and announces, we'll get right into song."

Cortana walked up the stairs. Joel handed her the mike. "Hello, everyone."

"Me and John, are engaged." Everyone cheered and clapped. "But there's one thing I forgot to tell him." She got up to the front of the stage and spilled the beans. Jeez, the bag had a hole in it. (Thank you, Archadian.) Anyway:

"John, I'm pregnant."

Total silence.

Deadpool suppressed a giggle. Firefly shot him a look that could have stopped bullets. Emile radioed Cable with his wrist communicator. "Um, was that supposed to happen."

"Don't look at me."

Arbiter looked around. "Something wrong?"

"No, um..." John was kinda dumbstruck. "No. It's alright. I hope we have lots of kids." (No you don't. Believe me you don't.)

Cortana smiled and walked over to him. They kissed.

Joel covered his eyes and launched the band into "Tiny Explosions".

The end of Chapter 5. Chapter 6 coming soon. Read and review.

6. Chapter 6

Chapter 6

The party was over.

Only the fiancée's, Six, Kat, Johnson, Ripley and Locklear were left. The crew from P. 's were packing up. Cortana beckoned to Emile. "Where's Firefly?"

The others looked around. "Cortana, are you having an affair?"

"No." She watched Emile walk over to the truck. A camouflaged man came out.

"Hey, what is this?" John looked at Firefly. "Um, are we being arrested?"

"No." Firefly's flat, deadly voice sank in. "Protected."

Six got up. "Don't try anything."

Firefly looked into the former SPARTAN's eyes. "Not if you don't first."

Emile pushed a tray up the ramp to the trailer. Firefly looked at the bewildered group. "We're mercenaries. Hired to protect you." He pointed to John and Cortana.

"From what?" John was suspicious.

"We don't know. Just that you're earmarked for assassination."

Johnson looked at the others. "They're mercs, too?"

"Yes."

Cable walked out of the trailer. He offered his hand to John. "Cable, I'm their leader."

Locklear shifted uneasily. "I'm not sure I like this."

"Nobody does." Emile walked over to them. "Hi, everyone."

"Emile?" Kat looked at her former comrade. "Yep, that's you if I ever saw you. This isn't the line of work I'd expect you to be in."

"Nobody would Kat." He looked around the group. "I just need a place to do my job - kill the enemy."

Six shook his head. "I did my job." He gestured to the group. "We all did."

Mercer nodded. "Maybe."

Deadpool swung his sword in an expert arc. "Nope. Noone here did." He resheathed it. "That's why we're here. To make up for

failure."

"Again, maybe." Mercer lifted a suppressed pistol from the holster on his chest. "But then, if you think you've done all you can, that's your call."

"Perhaps not." Dietrich came over. Ripley stared up at the muscular ex-soldier. "If I die, not having done the most I can to help the Lord rid this place of evil, then I've failed."

Weapons lined the walls of the trailer. Shotguns, rifles, carbines, swords, pistols, SMGs, grenade launchers, machine guns. Johnson touched an M247H. "What are you doing with all this hardware?"

Deadpool slapped the latch on the armor plate over his boot down. "Killing people. What else?"

"Giving them flowers." Emile stepped in behind them. "Lead flowers."

"Puh, you wish." Dallas turned from the doorway. "We have a slight problem."

Everyone turned.

"Duck!"

Bullets started to whip around the enclosed compartment. Everyone dived for the ground, dodging rounds that knocked weapons off the walls. Cable crawled to a minigun and stood up. "Surprise, motherfucker."

He stepped out and filled the enemy with bullets. They wore black skin suites with combat boots and kevlar vests. They fell, spouting blood and organ matter. The the others walked out of the trailer, firing.

Cable looked around. There was one left, holding an assault rifle. (So everyone shoot him!) They all opened up and shredded his body.

Cable spat on the body. "Rest in pieces!"

7. Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Deadshot searched the bodies for any form of evidence. None of them did so far. Guess this guy was pretty good. No evidence on the bodies.

Nothing could've survived the amount of punishment these guys had taken. At least, not normally. He'd ask Firefly about the ninja shit later. He had personally felt the pulse of each of these people except for a few.

Deadshot looked at the last one. Female. He pulled off her mask. She had a shaved head and hard, angular beauty. She twisted her neck.

"Water..."

The sniper took out his canteen and poured some in her mouth. She lapped it up and nodded slowly.

He came in closer. "Who sent you?"

She leaned her head back on the crate she resting against.

"Vil...Vil..."

Deadshot gripped her face with his fingers. "Who, sent you?"

"Vil...Villain..."

"Yeah, I know he's a villain, who is he?"

She shook her head slowly. "No...'diot...Villain."

"Yes, but who?"

She shook her head again. "Villain...von Bad Guy."

Her hand went limp. Deadshot walked over to the trailer. "I got who's been causing us misery."

Everyone turned. "Who?"

"Villain von Bad Guy III."

von Bad Guy's BOO (Base Of Operations), South America

The red-bereted commandos stood to attention as Ford walked into the tower. He punched the floor number and waited as the elevator climbed to the top floor.

Ford stepped out of the elevator. Nothing going for them. Their team had just got annihilated. He hadn't expected the UNSC to send in mercenaries. Particularly that group of mercenaries.

He stepped into von Bad Guy's suite. "Baron, sir, we have a problem."

The pro-Nazi baron turned. "'Yes?"

"Our team just got slaughtered in San Fransisco." Ford opened his briefcase. "These are the newscast pictures."

von Bad Guy stared at the gruesome photos of his team. "Yes, well, send in the agents."

"I'm not sure that's a good idea, sir. This is no normal UNSC unit. These are mercenaries. Stone-cold killers."

"I am too."

"Yes sir, but-"

"Do it, or you'll be out of a job."

ONI Section III building, Los Angeles

Bobby Miles (You know, the guy from Reclamation?) sat at his cubicle, assigning files to different agents.

He had grown up a lot in the nine years he had spent with Meg and the past few months with Jane, Lucy and Rachel. It was definitely a surprise when the Honor Inbound came out of Slipspace and the story of the survivors was even more incredible. Nobody knew what was really going on there.

Except them at Section III, the Special Warfare division. the SPARTAN programs, Xenomorph studies, Flood studies, the list went on and on and on.

Bobby hadn't seen Raven when she dropped off Jane, Lucy and Rachel. They had come in crates. Weird, but he knew he was the only one that she could trust. He picked up the picture on his desk. Him and the 4 aliens that lived in his house.

"You taking good care of them?"

Bobby turned slowly and met Raven's yellow cat-like eyes. "Hey."

He got up and hugged her. "A doctorate in xenobiology and you'd think she'd have a job in some Wey-Yu facility."

She smiled. "No. Too much deception and secrets." Her yellow eyes clouded up. "But I'm not here for that."

"Well, I figured as much. There's gotta be some reason you come to Section III than just to say hi." Bobby sat down. "Um, it does have to do with computers, right?"

Raven nodded. "I need you to find Villain von Bad Guy III on the net and where he is based."

He typed the name into the computer. "Okay, von Bad Guy is a wealthy baron, who runs a trading base in Brazil. He has a personal battalion of PMCs."

"What does he trade in?"

"Doesn't say."

Raven sighed.

Bobby shook his head. "Okay, okay." He typed in the access code to a back door he'd discovered years ago. He then searched again.

Their jaws hung open as they looked at the list. Drugs, arms, vehicles, computers, documents.

"Damn."

Raven nodded. "Can you send me a copy of this list?"

"Sure, I just need your phone number."

She wrote it on a sticky note and slapped it in his

hand.

"Alright."

"Thanks Bobby."

Hideout

Raven stepped in the door. Everyone looked up. Even Deadpool and Emile stopped playing their video game.

Mercer got up and hugged his wife. "Where were you?"

"I had to go to Los Angeles for some info." Her phone vibrated and she tossed it to Dietrich. "There's a list of all the things von Bad Guy deals in."

"Holy shit." Deadpool stared at the phone. "That's a shitload of guns and crack."

"Damn." Emile looked over his shoulder. "Well, we've got our man."

"Yeah." Cable looked around. "We vote for going in and taking him out?"

Everyone raised their hands.

"Right. Lets get ready and go."

The wall exploded.

Cable lifted himself off the ground. There was a choking cloud of dust covering everything. "Hey, anyone there?"

He heard gunfire. Coughing, Cable stepped through a huge hole in the wall. There was red-bereted South Americans shooting. Firefly, Mercer, Deadpool and Emile were behind one area, returning fire.

Cable stared around for the others. Dietrich was on his stomach, spraying the enemy with bullets. Deadshot, Dallas and Raven were nowhere to be seen.

He grabbed an M4 from the ground and started shooting. The man with the RPK. _Down. _The guy wearing a bandana around his neck. _Down. _Asshole running into the alley. _Down _(uh oh, that was a gang-banger).

A helicopter rose into the sky. The red-bereted commandos were all dead. Cable looked around at the dust covered street. Bodies. His comrades. "Where are Deadshot, Dallas and Raven?"

Firefly looked around. "Gone."

Mercer frowned. "Damn."

"Hey Merce, shouldn't you be cryin' right now, or somethin' like that?" Emile's shirt had holes torn in it.

"I'm not that soft." Mercer slapped another magazine into the bottom of his silenced .45. "Well, we know where they're headed."

"Where?"

"South America."

von Bad Guy's BOO

Raven felt her blindfold lifted. A familiar cybernetic eye filled her view.

Deadshot exhaled. "It's complicated."

She looked at Dallas. He was still unconcious. Raven then looked at Deadshot. "You sonuvabitch."

He smiled sadly. "If you'd listen-"

"No, you listen! You're gonna cause a lotta grief and sadness not to mention up the wars by 100%! Master Chief needs to stay alive."

Deadshot shrugged. "One dead action hero. There'll be others. And more war is actually a benefit for you guys. More buisness."

Raven spat at the sniper. He nimbly dodged it. "Buisness isn't shit without a good outcome to it."

"Buisness only has a negative outcome to it." Deadshot stared at her. "Think of the world as a poker table. Except, everyone has their guns out and is ready to shoot when the time is right."

"Did you even have any friends? With the group?"

He shook his head. "Firefly, too distant, mysterious. Dietrich was always too judgemental. Wade and Emile are annoying. Cable was boss. Dallas was too caring and Mercer, well he went out with you."

The sniper grinned. "But you Raven, are just right. Just perfect. Never flinching, deadly as a rapier." He leaned down and kissed her forehead. "And beautiful as a wildcat."

She nodded in Dallas' direction. "Why him? If all you want is me, why him?"

"I couldn't very well kill him, could I?" Deadshot tapped the unconcious man with his pistol. "He'll get back to the group."

"And me?"

"Well, the man wants to ask you some questions first."

The door opened to reveal the enemy.

Villain von Bad Guy III!

More chapetrs coming soon.

8. Chapter 8

Chapter 8

C-130, above von Bad Guy's base

The ramp opened wide (Whoa, pause). Cable watched the light turn green. He leapt into the empty space, falling at incredible speeds.

He felt the winds whipping around him. The jet pilot mask on his face helped him breathe, though not much. There was a tank of air inside his pressurized suit.

The plane flew forward, still spewing the rest of the team. Deadpool was obvious due to the pair of swords on his back. Firefly was harder to make out unless you knew him. The bulky box of explosives attached to his jump suit was weighing him down.

The sensors beeped, telling him he was under the radar screen. Cable jerked the ripcord and let the parachute whip him upright. The land was beautiful. Lushious forests, running rivers, crystal lakes.

Cable saw the base. Not very inconspicuous. A tower in the middle of a clearing. He aimed for somewhere in the outskirts of the clearing, though it wouldn't be perfect.

He narrowly missed the trees and landed in the clearing, behind a jeep. Several of the red-bereted commandos started running towards him. Cable grabbed the silenced MA5C he had brought and fired it. A double tap for each man.

Firefly came out of the trees. He had his signature camo on, a backpack full of explosives and a silenced sub-machine gun. Deadpool had his swords, custom spandex and two Uzis on his legs. Dietrich wore the black vest/black pants combo and his G36 with two MP7s and a UMP. Mercer had a red vest and blue jeans with a Bullpup style rifle and a .38 revolver in a shoulder holster. Emile's MJOLNIR was unmistakable.

They walked towards the door. Firefly released one of his custom drones. It flew inside, landing on a guard's neck. The man slapped at it and it came away in his hand. The group took cover.

The entire room exploded outwards.

They ran in, killing the remaining soldiers. Firefly plugged a keyboard into the elevator database. He typed the access code and the doors opened. The team filed inside.

Raven looked at the German. "Well?"

He smiled, revealing a gold tooth. "What do you know about our plan?"

"All we know is that you plan to kill Chief and Cortana."

"Don't play dumb!" He spat across the room. Dallas looked at Raven.

von Bad Guy caught his stare. He put a gun against her forehead.
"Let's see if you are any smarter."

"Not really." Dallas looked at the Walther pressed into Raven's face.
"Um, ONI thinks you're gonna take out Chief and Cortana, then launch a nuclear strike and invade the major powers."

von Bad Guy laughed out loud. "Then they're stupider than I thought." He holstered the pistol. "We've already got men in every major U.S. city! No nuclear strike. That's too messy. No, Nazi takeover is the way to go."

Dallas exhaled, relieved. Raven mouthed a thank you to him.

von Bad Guy walked to a table and poured himself a cup of champagne. "Many of our agents are in your government. Your dear friend Deadshot is one of them. In fact, half of ONI is under my employment."

He sipped from the glass. "Of course, it is enevitable. One day, some knucklehead will slip the Chief a bit of poison and he'll be dead. So why not save the world a lot of trouble?"

Dallas looked at Raven again. Her yellow eyes were clouded, indicating waiting tears. von Bad Guy ushered a henchman in, who cut their bonds and left. The door slammed shut and clicked as it locked. Raven stood up. Dallas checked his pockets. "I got nothing."

Liquid tears leaked from Raven's eyes. "Well, there goes everything."

"Hey, we're not done yet." (This is the point where Richard Dean Anderson could have come in and played Macgyver again, but then we'd have to sin it for Richard Dean Anderson playing Macgyver again, so this movie is pretty much fucked anyway) "We can find a way out of this."

The elevator rose to the floor that von Bad Guy was on. Not a pleasant ride to be stuck with Deadpool during.

von Bad Guy saw the climbing elevator. "What the-"

He flicked a switch. The power to the elevator was cut. The team sighed.

Deadpool grunted. "Great, I'm stuck in an elevator with five guys on high protein diets."

"God, man, do you ever shut up?" Mercer looked at the red clad man.

"No, not when I'm awake." Deadpool grinned beneath the mask.

You don't shut up when you're asleep, either.

Yeah we do!

"Shut up!"

Cable shook his head in annoyance. "How's it coming, Firefly?"

"I didn't join up to be an electrician. But, since Raven's gone, I have to do it. Almost finished."

The lights flickered back on. The elevator started moving upwards again. Emile looked up at the level. "Almost there."

von Bad Guy stared. This was no UNSC unit. (Um, duh!) He ran to the back of the room, scared out of his hat. (He's not wearing a hat.)

The elevator doors opened. Deadpool came out. von Bad Guy hid behind his chair.

"Okay, guy-with-a-German-accent-something-or-other, where are the girl and the vet?"

"Go to hell!"

"Okay, we'll do this the hard way." The Terminator walked in the door.

"Tell me where!" The cyborg shouted into von Bad Guy's face.

"Okay! Okay!" von Bad Guy pounded his desk. (Geez, he shit his pants.) They pointed their weapons at him. "They are in the safe room!" He threw the keys on the desk.

Mercer grabbed them and unlocked the door. Raven and Dallas came out. Cable grabbed von Bad Guy. Firefly went downstairs to place the C4 on the generator. They all exited the building.

Raven and Dallas took the seats in von Bad Guy's helo.
"Ready?"

Cable nodded. The helicopter took off.

Firefly held up his detonator. Cable nodded. He clenched the remote.

Needless to say, the horizon glowed orange.

The end of Chapter 8. Epilouge coming soon.

9. Chapter 9

****Epilouge ****

First Christian Church

"Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

Cortana smiled. "I do!"

"And, do you John, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

John nodded. "You know I do."

(Okay, vows, words, romantic footage, blahdy fucking blah.)

He slipped the ring onto Cortana's finger. She gasped. The ring was solid diamond and platinum.

John looked out over the crowd. Six, Kat, Johnson, Ripley, Locklear, Halsey, Rookie, Emile, Buck, Gorovich, Sergei, Veronica Dare, Parisa, Arbiter, Bobby, Jane, Meg, Lucy, Rachel, Raven, Cable, Dietrich, Deadpool, Mercer, Firefly, Dallas, Bowman, Crowe, Linda, Kelly, Fred, Jun, Sarah Palmer and Thomas Lasky.

But he saw others. Dutch, Mickey, Rulama, Jones, Hudson, Molotov, Davis, Stevens, Jorge, Will, Anton, Grace, Li, Captain Keyes, Miranda Keyes, Wallas Jenkins, Melissa McKay, and the others he had been close to and seen killed.

"You may now kiss the bride." (P.S. the reverend is played by Morgan Freeman.)

They embraced, pressing their lips together. Everyone clapped.

Everyone was partying, having a great time. Ripley sauntered off to the punch bowl. She filled her cup.

A familiar voice came from behind her. "Hey Ellen."

She turned. The memories came back. Blonde, slicked back hair, a white smile. "Hicks?"

The marine nodded. "Good to see you."

Ripley hugged him. "I missed you, Dwayne."

John smiled and walked over to Parisa. "I hope you don't hold this against me."

The lieutenant smiled. "No I don't." She handed him the picture of them from childhood. "Here."

He shook his head. "Keep it. To remind you."

Parisa grinned. "Well, I might still hold you to that promise."

"Someday."

Johnson walked up next to him. "So what are you gonna do now, John?"

"Probably continue what I was doing." He sipped from a beer. "Where are the mercs?"

"You mean the X-pendables? Most went home. Raven, her boy and the explosives guy are still here, though."

"I gotta talk to the explosives guy." He walked over to where Raven and Mercer were. They were with Bobby and the Xenomorphs. "Raven, where's your demo expert?"

"Firefly? He's somewhere."

John spotted the camouflaged man. "Hey, uh, thanks for the ring, man."

The saboteur may have smiled underneath his mask. "Told you they represented love and unity."

"Yeah. Ever thought of getting out of this life and settling down?"

"No. I'm not a civilian. I'll live and die in this mask." Firefly looked at the sunset. "If you ever need us again, you got the connects."

"Yeah." John looked into his cup. "Well, see you."

"I'll be around." He walked away.

John sighed, turned and ran into Cortana's arms.

****The end****

****Coming soon: Headhunter Brigade and the X-pendables 2****

End
file.